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ZION'S

HERALD

BOSTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1878.

No. 10.

GOD IS LOVE.

BY HON. J. E. DAWLEY.

Three little words, and only three,
But how they shine, and how they glow,
And into mighty meaning grow;
And how they speak to you and me!Read them again, and read with care!
They sweep life's sea from shore to shore,
And reach into the evermore—
The yonder that is ever fair.What words can make the heart outsing,
Or what the soul's deep sounds moving,
Like the sweet sentence "God is love?"
Or give to such blossoming?And more; these words should most avail
In bringing us where we can see,
In trusting God, where we may be
When human hopes and friendships fall.Oh, in life's darkest hour I can,
In more golden letters, see
(And this gives hopefulness to me)
That God is love to fallen men.Rest I in these words of gold,
(Like a child they make me feel
To Him, the Father, they reveal)
That such a blessed truth enfold.

OUR FIRST CONFERENCE IN CHINA.

BY BISHOP WILEY.

Doubtless your readers will be pleased to hear something of the first Methodist Conference in China. The last General Conference authorized the formation of our mission work in and about the city of Foochow into an Annual Conference. Foochow is the capital city of Fukien province, and is about midway between Canton and Shanghai, having a population within its walls of about 400,000, and in its immediate suburbs perhaps as many more. It is beautifully situated in a large basin hemmed in on all sides by broken and picture-que mountains; through the valley flows the beautiful river Min. The province of Fukien, though not so large as some, is one of the richest of China. Its southern portion is flat, and yields vast crops of rice; its northern and western portions are mountainous, and furnish a very large share of the entire tea crop of China. These mountains also produce the tree from which the tea oil is made, and the tallow and camphor trees. Our Church opened our missionary work in this province in 1847, at which time scarcely any foreigners had visited the city, and there was no foreign trade. The wonderful progress that has been made, is indicated by the fact that it is already one of the most important centres of trade; and in just thirty years from the coming of the first missionaries, we are called upon to organize an Annual Conference.

We arrived here on the 6th of December, and the next day went at once into mission meetings, considering many questions involved in the organization of the Conference. These meetings continued till Wednesday, the 12th, when Brothers Baldwin, Chandler, and myself started on a trip up the river to Ku Cheng, distant seventy miles by the river, and then inland thirty miles by chair. It is a region of wonderful mountain scenery, and if I had time and space, I know you would be interested in a full description of this trip. At Ku Cheng we had something of a district conference, and on Sunday had a grand day. The trip occupied a week, and we got back in time for the opening sermon of the Conference, on Wednesday evening, the 19th, by Brother Chandler.

On Thursday morning, the 20th, we opened the Conference by transferring the missionaries, five elders, five deacons, and five probationers from home Conferences, making a conference of twenty members, to which we afterwards added fifteen on trial. We then proceeded with the regular questions, just as in a home Conference, and if it had not been for the strange language and dress, I could hardly have noticed any difference, so well-prepared were these native preachers for all the business of a Conference. You would have been surprised to see with what accuracy and good order everything went forward. I cannot but be impressed with the great blessing that has come to Foochow in the native leaders which God has raised up for the work here. The Hu family is really remarkable. The old father of all is gone to his reward, but Hu Po Mi, and Hu Yong Mi, and Hu Sing Mi, are still here—mighty men of God. Hu King Mi is one of our best local preachers—the future Vincent in the Sunday-school work here; and Hu Po Mi and Hu Yong Mi have each a son following in their steps. Hu Po Mi is the St. Peter of the Conference, and Hu Yong Mi is the St. John, and Sia Sek Ong is the S. James, and I assure you this is no inapt or unworthy comparison; and uniting with them Si Yu Mi and Yek Ing Kwang (our other two Presiding Elders), they will present no unworthy comparison with any five elders at home.

There is nothing that so impressed me with the reality, strength, and permanency of the work here, as the char-

acter and appearance of the men whom God has raised up as native preachers. At the head stand the Presiding Elders, staid, thoughtful, pious, experienced men; behind these are the five newly-made elders, younger men, yet fine-looking, educated in the Chinese sense, pious, earnest, devoted to their work; behind these again the five deacons, another class which will be fully qualified, by a few years of experience, to come forward to leadership; then behind these, fifteen probationers, all having had experience in preaching, and all promising men; and then beyond these I see still a class of bright, pious, hopeful young men, students in the Theological School, who are hastening to take their places in the young Conference; and then outside of all these about forty local preachers, of very fair ability, many of whom we are using as "supp's."

I am simply amazed at what has taken place in this Fukien province since I left it twenty-four years ago. There nothing had been done but preliminary work. Not a soul had been converted. Now our work extends through five districts, reaching nearly two hundred miles to the north and west, and almost as far to the south and east. We have about seven native preachers; an Annual Conference of twenty members and fifteen probationers; and forty-six circuits, averaging fully four preaching places to each, making about one hundred and eighty-four points at which the Gospel is preached. I confess I would feel alarmed at the very magnitude of this work, if I did not see the most satisfactory evidence of its genuineness and thoroughness in every respect. Of the sincere and profound piety, the genuine earnestness and devotion of these native preachers and people, no one can have any reasonable doubt. To this hour they have nothing to gain, but much to lose, in becoming Christians; and in this very year some of them have been called to endure sore trials and persecutions.

The afternoons were given to earnest "anniversaries," on subjects of the greatest interest here—the Sabbath, opium, Sunday-schools, and self-support—and the evenings to prayer-meetings and preaching. Our "cabinet" work was done as systematically and carefully as in a home Conference. The preachers are strongly attached to our system, and believe that to our methods, under God's blessing, they greatly owe their wonderful success. The Sabbath was a grand day—prayer-meeting, love-feast, Chinese preaching, English preaching, ordinations, etc. Our closing day was Christmas. After the final business, we had a Christmas sermon from Brother Baldwin; then the baptism of three of the mission children; then the Lord's Supper, conducted by Hu Po Mi; then the parting hymn, and prayer by Hu Yong Mi; and the parting words, and then the reading of the appointments by Sia Sek Ong; and with the doxology and benediction, the first session of the Foochow Annual Conference was closed. It was throughout, and in all its bearings, a memorable occasion. It is the beginning of great things in China. We can easily look forward from this high ground, and see in the not very distant future a coming family of Conferences in China. It will not be long till a like organization will be called for in our other two great centres—Peking and Kiu Kiang, to which place I have invited my Methodist friend, and where he hospitably entertained him.

Perhaps this incident reveals the secret of his nature. He was of Methodist origin. Had his father clung to his own Church, Starr would have been another Summerfield. He was full of Methodist glow, *elan*, or, as the rough world might say, gush. He was fluent. His full lips were made for talk. He could not help talking. He was a good student, though with small advantages, but pre-eminently a good talker. He was witty, genial, keen, never turgid; in a word, as a talker, perfect. Chapin, the great man in his sect, was far less fleet and graceful. He always seemed bombastic by the side of King. No man ever knew better how to use the best word to express his ideas. He stood among his Harvard Unitarian brothers, who looked askance at him as neither of their college nor creed, as their easy and jaunty superior. Dewey's stately paragraphs were not so rich and racy. He was his front orator.Knapp was startling, fearful, terrible, even, yet tender within; rough, of rude voice and manner, but gentle and wise to win souls. His funeral sermon at Baldwin Place, on the first who should die out of that congregation, was marvelous for effect. How that multitude shook when he imagined the lights out and a blazing hand appearing on the wall in the upper corner above him, and writing the name of—*you!* Four hundred seekers on their knees that night, testified to the power of that stroke of genius.

Kirke appeared on the scene, younger than these co-laborers, scholarly, fresh from European travel, but full of the Spirit. Multitudes waited long at the doors till the church was opened, on cold winter nights, and multitudes went away from every service who could not effect an entrance. The young preacher was born along of the Holy Ghost. He had been himself a Sabbath-breaker, a city boy and youth, lost to virtue and to God, and he knew how to touch city youth. His voice was a silver bugle, round, musical and full. He was at his best. He never knew the like before or after. At Albany he had done a wonderful work, making Martin Van Buren forget for awhile even politics. Van Buren had to get rid of him soon, or he would have failed to be President, perhaps and probably. His man to do this was the same Attorney General B. F. Butler, who wanted "stated preaching at Sandy Hill." He didn't want Kirke at his Church. It was too hot.

For years after he came to Boston, he was the fascination of the platform, and his Church shone bright among the city lights. He was genial, accessible, without guile. He was loved and loving and lovely to the last. He won troops of friends, and held all with a grip of grace stronger than steel. He was a gentleman every inch, and all through. Like Father Taylor he shone among his fellows, though with none of the wit of that arch jester and repartier. Not a great thinker, he was a great talker. His sermons are like all repartiers, of little worth intellectually, of great worth spiritually. His fame will live long and strong in hearts redeemed by his effort, and his works will follow him, as those same redeemed ones, of whom Gough and Moody are now chief, shall sow and reap harvests and harvests unto life eternal. His life is nutritious spiritually. Let the minister read it who is beguiled by the windy nothings that tempt so many to their pupil ruin. Dr. Kirk never failed to declare the whole counsel of God. His painful and dreadful declarations floated from his lips like

funeral bells—"Ah, the sobbing of those bells!" The invitations came rich as golden bells. They allured hearts by a divine enchantment to the Christ. So will all true preaching probe to penitence and renew in gladness.

Starr King has come back to us, after a disappearance of over almost fourteen years (he died Feb. 1864), in his best shape—the sermons and lectures with which he graced his time. Who can forget, who ever heard, the pale, small, beardless man, who always looked the boy? His mouth, full like Clay's, his forehead projecting, his voice rich but not deep, his laugh full of boyish glee, his repertoire quick and sharp as a Turkish scimitar, but not as deadly, his impassioned oratory, that held and thrilled the multitude, whatever the theme or wherever the forum—at a public dinner, an anniversary, on a hotel stoop, in the pulpit! I first met him through a mutual friend at the Flume in the White Mountains, whereof he was long the *star* and the *king*. He had come over from Bethlehem to preach, and of course "the Star of Bethlehem," was the "happy thought" of all the mountain wits. He gave a mellifluous talk, while the sieging was conducted by the Methodist preacher, sitting with him in the pulpit. At its close he thanked the Methodist singer, saying the voice reminded him of his father's, who was once a Methodist preacher. Not to be outdone, the brother commanded the sermon, remarking quietly, that it lacked only one thing. "What that?" inquired the orator. "Religion," was the brief reply. The answer set his tongue a-running. A climb up the hill to see the sunset, and a harder climb down, were attended with a running fire. And after supper the two sat in the hall, soft hats in hand, and with an audience of fifty or sixty visitors, servants and all—had a lively debate of nearly two hours on "religion." That debate was continued with variations up Lafayette and at Gorham, to which place I invited his Methodist friend, and where he hospitably entertained him.Perhaps this incident reveals the secret of his nature. He was of Methodist origin. Had his father clung to his own Church, Starr would have been another Summerfield. He was full of Methodist glow, *elan*, or, as the rough world might say, gush. He was fluent. His full lips were made for talk. He could not help talking. He was a good student, though with small advantages, but pre-eminently a good talker. He was witty, genial, keen, never turgid; in a word, as a talker, perfect. Chapin, the great man in his sect, was far less fleet and graceful. He always seemed bombastic by the side of King. No man ever knew better how to use the best word to express his ideas. He stood among his Harvard Unitarian brothers, who looked askance at him as neither of their college nor creed, as their easy and jaunty superior. Dewey's stately paragraphs were not so rich and racy. He was his front orator.As easily did he capture the platform. He came into consciousness life just as Emerson was bursting on Boston in the fullness of his June. He did not so much devour, as absorb, the mystic. He translated him. To the country and city audience Emerson was then *cavare*. They were all much of the condition of Jeremiah Mason, who was dragged to hear him. When asked how he liked him, he drawled out, "I don't understand Emerson, but the gals do!" Starr King made the people understand Emerson. His lectures were transcendentalism and water; but the water improved the transcendentalism. All the earlier and more famous lectures—*Substance and Show*, *Sight and Insight*, *Socrates' Existence and Life*, the *Laws of Disorder*—are Emerson made popular. They were very taking, and read as well as they sounded twenty years ago. His California episode was after his Massachusetts pattern, except that that same remarkable power of assimilation revealed itself in his war speeches and sermons. But for these his western career would have been less famous than this eastern. "The blood-red blossoms of war, with its heart of fire," set his own heart on fire. His soul became a kind of lantern through which the national blaze fiercely glowed. He was as much a martyr as Ellsworth, whom he much resembled in looks and manners, as well as in this absorbing passion.King, as a preacher, was exceedingly hearable. He held all ears at his command. No preacher living to-day has more of this gift, if as much. What he said was always *en rapport* with the hour, but on his side. In the great revival of '58, though he had attended not a few revival meetings, and some thought was going to enter into the fold, he sprang back, and at the May anniversary made the most fearful speech of any speaker. It shocked his allies, as much as his foes; yet he was generous to those foes, and all who knew him loved him as a man. Dr. Adams was a striking example of this affection. King visited him in his study, heard

his sermon on the "Reasonableness of Future Punishment"—a good tract for these times—and invited him to pronounce it in his own pulpit. Such a request was never before heard in Boston. It startled his congregation. He had no intention, it was said, and generally believed, of attempting to answer it; but he could not. But the excitement of his people over it, made a reply necessary. He preached two sermons on the other side, but his social relations with Dr. Adams were uninterrupted. Few men have ever made a brighter path across the heavens. Pure as a child, witty, frank, gay, good-humored, irrepressible, no wonder he made friends of friends. He died ere he hardened, and so left a permanent stream of light for his memory. He was so high an Arian, that to him Christ was almost Deity, and actually divine. His sermon on the "Supremacy of Jesus," could have been adopted by all orthodoxy had he left out a few sentences. So is his sermon on the best of proofs—the Experimental Evidence of Christianity. He followed Bansen and the early Universalist fathers in his Christology, rather than the later schools of that order. He was never Emersonian in his creed. His father's early Methodist blood may have affected his spiritual organization. His death was stupendous. It was full of heaven. His errors were those of his training and surroundings. Beneath and above them, may we hope his soul grasped the Atoner, Redeemer, God, and was filled and borne along of the Spirit into Life and its salvation! These volumes are choice expressions of his sermons, but better of his lectures. Mr. Whipple does his part finely. One pun escapes him, that looks as if Starr King might have got it off: "Exegesis is not what some suppose it to be—Exit Jesus."

[To be continued.]

THE SOUTH INDIA CONFERENCE.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

The South India Conference assembled for its second annual session, Nov. 15th, 1877, in Dr. Thoburn's great tabernacle, which is emphatically the

MISCELLANEOUS.

PASSING THE LIGHT.

BY PROF. B. F. LEGGETT.

As one who sells the blue waves of the sea,
By wind and tide borne on across the foam,
By night oft passes where the headlands lift
Their steady lights by which he steers for home.—
So my frail craft upon the sea of years
Long tossed, but galing on the homeward shore,
While stars dip down along the fading track,
And brighter constellations rise before,
Passes again the beacon's friendly light
Whose birthday-glow lies on the waters cold,
And kindles far along the homeward track
To light the barque already growing old;
And on we sail where tides turn never back,
And this way lie the shining caps of gold!
East Greenwich, R. I.

REST.

BY REV. CHARLES BRUCE FITBLADO.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."
Hebrews iv. 3.

"Rest elsewhere," was the motto of one of the leaders in the Netherlands' revolt in the sixteenth century. One Christian motto is not only "rest elsewhere," but "rest here." We have fallen upon "wilder'd, weary, restless times. Many of our scientists and philosophers, our politicians, mechanics, poets and religionists, are embarked upon a moaning, spooning, restless sea. Strong souls are crying for a star to rise above the top-gallant; for a hand to hold the wheel; for a harbor in which to rest from the cyclones. Thank God, there is a star, a hand, a harbor! Rest! Humanity needs rest; mind needs a mind to rest in; heart needs a heart in which to rest. Human minds and hearts are in themselves restless, and can afford no real rest to other human minds and hearts. It may be that in a certain sense, and to some degree, friend may rest in friend; the scholar may rest in the teacher; the country rest in the patriot; the passenger in the captain; and the Church in the pastor. Nevertheless, when our needs are truest and deepest, man fails us. The Chinese could not rest in Confucius; the Greeks could not rest in Socrates, nor in Miltiades; the Hebrews could not rest in Moses; but humanity may rest in Emmanuel. All the sin-battered, struggle-tired, care-battered, may rest in Jesus. How? Through belief in His word and work. Through such belief, the mind may rest in His wisdom, the conscience in His righteousness, the heart in His love, and the whole spirit in His Spirit. "We which have believed, do enter into rest."

I. The unregenerate seek for rest away from God in Christ. They can't find it. It is no easy matter to satisfy man. It is easy enough to satisfy a dove, a dunlin, or a dromedary. Let the condor have a throne on Chimborazo, the rabbit a handful of clover, the trout a brook, the osprey a fish, the silk-worm a few mulberry leaves, and they will be contented; but man needs more to satisfy him than this "great globe itself," and all the sun-clusters of immensity. There is no satisfaction or rest for man but in God. Physically, man might get along pretty well with this world for a ladder, a wardrobe, a market, a home, and a tomb. Intellectually, earth might serve him for a hall in which to speculate and dream. Earth is a grand place for a mental gymnast in which to practice. The scientist has a good chance to get up conundrums, for nature is full of puzzles; the zoologist to learn about the gnu's horns and the wader's beard; the ornithologist to find out about the hoopoe's crown and the starling's song. On earth the star-gazer has an opportunity to discover how to out-gaze the eagle; the rock-student to learn how to read the hieroglyphics on the "old red sand stones," and other stones; the poet to stand upon the mountain and

"Watch the lightnings dark like swallows round the brooding thunder caves."

The gloamings will open their psalm books, and the winds will bring their lyrics and the dingles their idyls to fascinate the imagination.

Oh, yes! earth might do very well to rest in if man were only body and intellect and imagination; but because he is spirit, he cannot rest without God. Without Him, man pines like a sea-gull in a cage away from sea and sun. Without Him, the spirit must be melancholy amid the glories of the world; lonely and restless amid earth's fames, and loves, and elysiums. Restless! See evidences of man's unrest everywhere—in his struggles for self, popularity and pleasure. Observe, too, how he is mocked by the world. A restless actor went to Doctor Abercrombie and said, "Doctor, I am wretched! Can you give me anything to help me?" The doctor replied, "Go, hear Mathews; he will cure your melancholy." "Ah, doctor," said the actor, "I myself am Mathews." That was a poor place to send him. He needed to get away from himself and the theatre, to God. The world is a cheat. She knows how to tantalize, but not to satisfy. Heligobulus invited his friends to a banquet; it melted before them; it was only wax. They were tantalized and cheated. The world spreads her banquets; souls gather round, but can't eat what she offers. They are tantalized and disappointed. When will men believe that the world has really nothing for souls? We have admitted that she has eider-down for the weary body, beefsteak for the hungry stomach, enigmas for the rea-

son, splendor for the imagination; but she has nothing to give the weary, hungry, longing spirit. Gold, when captured, says to the soul, "Rest is not to be found in this region." Fame, when hunted down, shouts, "Rest is not up this hill." Pleasure, when embraced, cries, "Rest doesn't dwell here." No soul-rest away from God, No rest!

[Concluded next week.]

CHANNING ON FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

BY REV. C. ATKINSON.

In times like the present, when the idea of the possible ultimate loss of the human soul, or man's liability to endless misery, is provoking so much opposition, it seems quite fitting to canvass somewhat the views of leading Socinians on this subject, and especially so to the teachings of so eminent a scholar and preacher as William Ellery Channing, who in his time was an acknowledged leader of New England Unitarianism, and among the most honored and consistent opponents of Trinitarian doctrines.

From his discourse on the "Evil of Sin," where he treats future punishment somewhat at length, we make the following extracts: "Sin never meets its full retribution on earth." "The miseries of disobedience to conscience and God are not exhausted in this life. Sin deserves, calls for, and will bring down future, greater misery. This Christianity teaches, and this nature teaches. Retribution is not a new doctrine brought by Christ into the world. . . . it was spread everywhere before he came. It carried alarm to rude nations, which nothing on earth could terrify. . . . That we shall carry with us into the future world our present minds, and that a character formed in opposition to our highest faculties and to the will of God will produce suffering in our future being—these are truths, in which revelation, reason and conscience remarkably coincide." "It is maintained by some among us that punishment is confined to the present state; that in changing worlds we shall change our characters; that moral evil is to be buried with the body in the grave." "To my mind a more irrational doctrine was never broached."

"Again, the idea that by dying, or changing worlds, a man may be made better or virtuous, shows an ignorance of the nature of moral goodness or virtue." "Let us not listen for a moment to a doctrine so irrational as that our present characters do not follow us into a future world." "It is plainly asserted positively that when it (*anterior*) is connected with future punishment, it has the stringent meaning of metaphorical endlessness. On the other hand, no one has any critical right to say positively that in such cases it has not that meaning."

Do not such concessions plainly show that the opponents of everlasting punishment no longer rely on the Bible for their arguments, but draw them from their own perverted instincts and distorted imaginings?

Robert Ingersoll uttered a truth when he said, "The Bible is the foundation of hell, and we never will get rid of the idea of hell until we get rid of the idea that this book is true." But before we blot out the Bible, we must blot out man's history, abolish the human conscience, and change the human constitution.

an indefinite period of eternity, and of the impossibility of going to heaven without holiness.

But with all his acumen he finds no testimony, no clear light; he discovers no utterance as to how future punishment will end; and by his frank admissions he is by no means clear that it will ever terminate. In his discourse relative to future punishment, Mr. Channing offers not one argument against the evangelical idea of future retribution. With his writings before us, we affirm of him, as of Mr. Clark, that he is logically and incontrovertibly on the side of everlasting punishment.

It seems very evident to us that Channing virtually abandons the Scriptures as a source of arguments for the ultimate salvation of all men. And is it not a noticeable fact that the ablest and most learned advocates of universal salvation discard the Bible as a textbook?

In a discussion published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., in 1858, F. Stark King said: "I freely say that I do not find the doctrine of the ultimate salvation of all souls clearly stated in any text, or in any discourse that has been reported from the lips of Christ. I do not think we can fairly maintain that the final restoration of all men is a prominent feature of the four gospels. We needlessly narrow the hem-station system of opposition to sacrificial orthodoxy, by taking a stand from such a position."

Theodore Parker, in reply to Nehemiah Adams, D. D., 1858, said: "To me it is quite clear that Jesus Christ taught the doctrine of eternal damnation; if the evangelists—the first three I mean—are to be treated as inspired, I can understand his language in no other way." In the monthly *Religious Magazine*, for February, 1870, Rev. Mr. Sears said: "It is the average opinion of Unitarians, that Restoration is not a doctrine of Revelation, fairly yielded by the interpretation of Scripture." W. R. Alger says (Doctrine of a Future Life): "No fair critic can assert positively that when it (*anterior*) is connected with future punishment, it has the stringent meaning of metaphorical endlessness. On the other hand, no one has any critical right to say positively that in such cases it has not that meaning."

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A DELIGHTFUL EXCURSION.

MR. EDITOR: Dr. Tourjée has again come forward as a public benefactor, in arranging so completely for the comfort, pleasure and profit of the many friends who will accompany him to Europe, on his great excursion.

The memory of a wasted or ill-spent life . . . will go with us . . . to darken our future, to separate us from our Creator and from pure and happy beings, to be as a companion to our own perverted instincts and distorted imaginings!

These are the deliberate and matured thoughts of one of the ablest representatives of modern Unitarianism. We find nothing in any of his writings to contradict these views, but much to confirm them. In his discourse on "Immortality," he says: "Dream not of a heaven into which you may enter, live here as you may. To such waste of the present, the future will not, cannot, bring happiness. A human being who has lived without God . . . can no more enjoy heaven than a moulder body . . . can enjoy the light through its decayed eyes." From his discourse on "The Future Life," we add this single quotation: "Shall our worldliness and unseemly sins separate us, which Scripture throws no clear light?"

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These are the

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, March 17.

Lesson XI. 2 Chron. xxxii, 9-31.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

HEZEKIAH AND THE ASSYRIANS.

The first great work of Hezekiah was to cleanse the temple. This was accomplished under the direction of fourteen chiefs; sixteen days were consumed in purifying the sacred places and removing the defiling substances to the brook Kedron. After this work had been done, the king called a great religious festival—the feast of the Passover—which had not, for a long period, been observed by the entire Jewish people, both on account of the division of the kingdom, and the resulting disturbances which idolatry brought in. He seems to have been anxious to bring about a unity of the Jewish people once more, in uniting them in the celebration of their great memorial feast. Invitations were given, therefore, to all the tribes of the earth should acknowledge that Jehovah was God. Isaiah also sent another prophetic message to the king, in which he portrays the haughtiness of the Assyrian king, gives Hezekiah a sign of deliverance, and announces the issue of Sennacherib's invasion.

The king poured out his soul in a fervent prayer to God, acknowledging His majesty, and supplicating Him to intercede, in order that all the kingdoms of the earth should acknowledge that Jehovah was God. Isaiah also sent another prophetic message to the king, in which he portrays the haughtiness of the Assyrian king, gives Hezekiah a sign of deliverance, and announces the issue of Sennacherib's invasion.

The direful prediction of Isaiah was fulfilled upon the Assyrian armies. "It is not to be supposed," says Dr. Johnson, "that the angel went about with a sword in his hand, stabbing them one by one, but that some powerful natural agent was applied. Some think a hot south wind caused the death of one hundred and eighty-five thousand men.

Keil, however, thinks the slaughter, being so vast, was caused by miraculous interference. Sennacherib returned to Nineveh, where he was slain by his sons while worshiping in the temple of his god Nisroch.

FROM OUR MISSION ROOMS.

MISSIONARY BOARD MEETING.

Bishop Harris presided at the regular meeting of the Missionary Board on Feb. 19. Dr. Reed announced that his colleague and Bishop Merrill had completed their tour of inspection of the mission stations, and were, at the time of writing, about addressing themselves to other important business matters, and that they hoped to be home by about the 19th of March. The treasurer made his usual monthly statement, which will be found below. Authority was given to the secretary to draw on the African appropriation for \$200 for school requisites for Monrovia Seminary, and \$100 for like purpose for the Boroa Mission. Appropriate action was had on the announcement of the death of Rev. J. D. Brown, for fifteen years a missionary of this Society; and of Henry J. Baker, esq., for more than twenty years a member of this Board, and also in the case of Rev. Dr. Duff. Action was had looking to the support of Mrs. J. D. Brown, and covering the cases of supernumerary missionaries transferred to home Conferences and continuing disabled from work; and of the families of those who should die while the missionary sustained such relation.

MISSIONARY TREASURER'S MONTHLY STATEMENT FOR JAN., 1878.

NEW YORK.
Treasury in debt, Jan. 1, \$149,220.00
Disbursements for the month, 39,242.16
Transferred to Ass't Treas', 1,075.00 41,017.16

Receipts for the month collections, etc., 6,544.25
Receipts from Ass't Treas', 828.89 7,373.14

\$139,894.61

CINCINNATI.
Balance in Treasury, Jan. 1, \$8,935.25
Receipts for the month collections, etc., 835.04
Receipts from Treasurer, 1,075.00 1,510.94

\$10,600.19

Disbursements, 11,247.23
Transferred to Treasurer, 928.89 12,157.02

\$1,970.03

COMBINED STATEMENT.
Treasury in debt in New York, Jan. 31, 179,894.61
" " Cincinnati, Jan. 31, 1,970.03
\$181,864.64

LESSONS FOR YOUNGER CLASSES.

BY HELEN CHASE STEELE.

HEZEKIAH AND THE ASSYRIANS.

About twenty-six years after Hezekiah had opened the Temple and restored the worship of God, a great army surrounded Jerusalem. It was sent by Sennacherib, the great and terrible king of Assyria.

Hezekiah sent out three of his chief men to hear what the three captains of the army had to say. They spoke the Jewish language, so that all the people on the walls could hear and understand what they said. It was like this:

"We come from Sennacherib, the king of Assyria. He wants to know why you stay shut up in Jerusalem. You will either have to die of hunger and thirst, or else become his servants.

Have you not heard how many other kingdoms he has destroyed? Their gods could not save them; neither can our God help us, and to fight our battles."

Many other wicked things did these men say about king Hezekiah and about his God.

But Hezekiah remembered what God had once said to Jobshaphat: "Be not afraid by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's." So he said to the people, "The Lord our God is with us to help us, and for a better understanding and more enlightenment there is need of gathering up all the lights possible from science and experience. Neither should the pulpit or the press be silent in a matter which so vitally affects human welfare."

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The calm faith and courage of the king of Judah provoked the sneers of the king of Assyria. He holds up to reproach, also, the destruction of altars which Hezekiah had caused in Jerusalem, and then points to the record of the Assyrian power in its conquests over other nations. He boasts of the prowess which his armies had gained in many contests, and argues that the divinities who guarded those conquered peoples had not been able to withstand; thus forcing him by intimidation to capitulate. Then the appeal is made to the people—Hezekiah is deceiving you! You will all perish shut up here in Jerusalem! Your king will only keep you within these walls until you die of hunger and thirst!

The Assyrian king succeeded at the implicit faith of Hezekiah; to make him feel, if possible, the unconquerable might of Assyrian arms, and thus force him by intimidation to capitulate. Then the appeal is made to the people—Hezekiah is deceiving you! You will all perish shut up here in Jerusalem! Your king will only keep you within these walls until you die of hunger and thirst!

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

Original Articles.	
God is Love (poem).—Our First Conference in China.—A Quisite of Boston Ministers.—The South India Conference. From Our Exchanges	73
Miscellaneous. Passing the Light (poem). Rest.—Channing on Future Punishment.—A Delightful Excursion.—Dr. Dens' Letter.—Correspondence. RELIGIOUS IRMS. OUR BOOK TABLE	74
The Sunday-school. Lessons for the Younger Classes.—Misionary Department.—Laws of Hereditary Deacon. EDUCATIONAL. Boston Market.—Advertisements	75
Editorial. The Great Question.—Letter from London.—Editorial Items.	76
Notes from the Churches. Massachusetts.—Maine.—Rhode Island.—New Hampshire.—Vermont.—Connecticut.—Roger Williams, etc.—Acknowledgments.—Money Letters Received.—Advertisements.	77
The Family. Be Slow to Speak (poem). Home Protection.—Fender Satterwhite's Experience (concluded).—What a Bandbox Said. OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. FUD AND FACT. Misunderstanding (and poem). FOR THE LITTLE CHILDREN. Redstart.—Lark.—Little Dickie-bird (selected poems).—Selected Articles	78
Obituaries. Advertisements	79
The Week. Reading Notices.—Advertisments	80

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1878.

The President is in an anomalous position. He is somewhat like a general without either a staff or a body-guard. He has sought, honestly, to secure several important national results; but in the singular condition of our present party politics, they are brought to be somewhat antagonistic to each other. He has proposed to pacify the South, and at the same time, to secure all the civil rights of the freedmen. He has evidently desired to improve the civil service of the government, and to interrupt the traditional custom of distributing the public offices among the friends of the administration; and he has also wished to harmonize the two great contending divisions in the party that placed him in his chair. Now it can be readily seen that between these two narrow and dangerous straits, it must be perilous sailing. He is constantly liable to dash upon Scylla in steering clear of Charybdis. In conciliating the South, and in attempting to win back the allegiance of moribund Republicans, the civil service policy is apt to be overlooked: excellent officers are set aside; and politicians, simply of another stripe, are nominated to the place. We have no sympathy with the advice of some of our secular exchanges, that certain great national ends, like the preservation of the national honor in the administration of finances, it would be better to sacrifice the policy of an efficient and honest civil service, and seek to win Congressional support by a wise distribution of loaves and fishes. Not for a moment should such a purpose be harbored. Let justice be done, even if the heavens fall; but let it always be done, in New England, South Carolina, New York and Louisiana. It is the sad mistake, so often made, that destroys the whole *morale* of a noble intention. It perhaps never occurred in the history of the government, that the vote of Congress, in favor of an important movement, was larger after a vote—and that an admirable one both in style and contents—than before. It is a remarkable condition of things, and cannot continue. Either a new party will be formed around important national ideas, certainly involving the question of currency, or the Democratic party will sweep nearly every State at the next general election. May God defend the right!

During the past week the war rumors in Europe have increased in seriousness. A very highly-inflamed state of feeling among the masses in London and St. Petersburg has been aroused, which forebodes serious trouble upon both governments to take decided and extreme action. The vigorous preparations for war on the part of England, the appointment of Lord Napier as commander-in-chief of the prospective movement in the Mediterranean, would hardly serve to mollify the impatience of Russia, now that after a terrible sacrifice of blood and treasure, she really holds the prize she has won, in her hand. The effectual office of Germany, however, begin to be apparent. Austria, which was bellicose last week, is quieted; Russia is ready to modify somewhat her terms; the articles of peace were on the eve of being signed; the British fleet was to be removed from the Sea of Marmora, and no national men-of-war were to be permitted to enter the straits. Altogether, while a single sulphurous spark might kindle a terrible conflagration, the cloud grows thinner over the scene of Eastern conflict.

The *Evangelist* of last week has a very suggestive paper, from a contributor, upon the early life of Robert G. Ingersoll, the blatant and blasphemous atheist, who is seeking to secure a fortune out of his platform facility of holding up to ridicule all the sacred facts of the Christian faith and profession. Learning from this source of the examples and influences that impressed themselves upon his boyhood, we are not so much surprised at the almost natural results that have followed, and feel a form of pity for the unhappy victim of an unfortunate home education. His mother, an amiable and patient woman, died early. His father was a Presbyterian minister of a pure outward life, not unsuccessful as a revival preacher, but coarse, rough, overbearing and sour, thus creating at home a peculiarly forbidding atmosphere, as connected with his family and religious discipline. The elder Ingersoll, after the death of Robert's mother, married a second wife—a lady of culture and excellent character.

Some of our secular exchanges are greatly exercised at the announcement of a majority report from the committee on temperance, in favor of a prohibitory law. Their logic, however, holds no comparison to their zeal in a bad cause. They affirm that there is no desire in the community to secure such extreme legislation—that public sentiment is in favor of the present law; but these legis-

ters themselves are the last expression of public sentiment upon this great reform, having been sent to the General Court largely for this very purpose. They affirm that the movement is simply pushed forward in the interest of a third political party. If this is the case, the most effectual way to squelch this rising party is for a Republican Legislature to anticipate their movements by passing an efficient prohibitory statute, and appointing an adequate State police to secure its execution. This will be placing the most effectual extinguisher upon the third party; the loudest thunder of the "Alliance" will be most certainly stolen, and it will at once resume its former work as a famous debating society.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

It is certainly one of the signs of the times that in the *North American Review*—a periodical traditionally devoted to politics and literature—there should be found, in one number, as in the March—April just published, six essays (with the separate summing-up of President Porter making seven) upon the doctrine of eternal punishment, in which series the orthodox writers have an equally fair field of opportunity with those of the liberal school. Our modern literary periodicals have not, indeed, eschewed religious questions. Their contributions, light and grave, have been pervaded with a form of religious faith. It has been a boast of "liberalism," not without adequate foundation, that it held in its keeping the chief periodical and volume literature of the hour. Saers at revealed religion, at the fetishism of the Christian Scriptures, at the Hebraic rigidity of Sabbath customs, at the cant of professed conversion, at the ruin wrought by "advanced science" among the teachings of Genesis, the barbarism of the doctrine of endless punishment, and the fiend into which evangelical Christianity transforms a God, is there in the universe—such intimations as these have been plentifully sifted into much of our newspaper, magazine and quarterly literature, and into the works of fiction, as well as the scientific treatises of the day.

But there is none of this in these essays referred to in the *North American*, save, perhaps, the flavor of it perading the paper of Mr. O. B. Frothingham, who probably could not write upon such a theme without mounting his usual high and mighty dogmatism, and oracularly asserting, that the "scientific mind entertains no conception of future punishment whatever." To its apprehension 'Satan' is an empty figure of speech; 'hell' a rhetorical flourish; 'retribution,' 'satisfaction,' 'punishment,' picture language, which perhaps contains no meaning. . . . To assume the authority of Scripture, and then torture its statements till they gape upon an agonized acquiescence in the inquisitor's creed, is a practice which the uniform custom of universal Christendom cannot make respectable." There we have a fresh illustration of the calmness and candor, the sincerity and honest search after truth, of one of our modern apostles of the "advanced" religion!

Not thus, speak and write the other gentlemen, although widely divergent in their religious theories. So calm, thoughtful, frank and candid is President Porter in presenting the ethical aspects of the doctrine of eternal punishment, that Dr. Henry W. Bellows finds himself obliged gratefully to confess, "that he could not ask a better summary of (his) own views than is presented in the last paragraph but one of his paper." Dr. Porter does not, in the present discussion, enter upon the exegetical argument involved in the interpretation of the New Testament; but finds, in the moral nature of man, ample grounds to justify the law of God and its sanctions as revealed in the Christian Scriptures. From the Western Armenian stand-point, in the words which Dr. Bellows uses, as his own accepted symbol of belief, amid all the solemn affirmations of the Bible, and the equally serious intimations of our own moral being, President Porter says: "We must hold fast to the primal truths which make God dear to our affections as our pitying Father, or venerable as our holy Judge. It is because we believe that God is morally perfect, that we assert that He would delight to receive honor and love from all His creatures; that He uses all the means for the triumph of goodness and the deliverance of all that He wisely can do; that He will never cast off a soul that truly loves Him in any part of His dominions, or in any period of His administration; and that He cannot possibly be displeased with, or effectively punish, any being who loves Him in the present, or who repents of not having loved and obeyed Him in the past."

We have spoken of Mr. Frothingham's paper. It is largely taken up with holding the doctrine and the Christian Church even of to-day responsible for every revolting opinion and expression that have been held and published since the Christian era, and in assuming, with a characteristic air of superior knowledge, that the teachings of Jesus are simply the utterance of an older "Persian dualism"—of the same stuff with the original formation, from which it is a fragment." He does not believe in Christianity, because it did not originate in the nineteenth century, and he is not received as its favorite prophet!

The very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, of the Roman Catholic Church, heartily accepts the doctrine, not because it is in the Bible, but because the Church from the beginning has constantly taught it. The Church, not the Bible, is the final court of appeal. This position he sustains by numerous citations from the Christian and Roman Catholic fa-

thers. He believes in the most literal and material form of future retribution, and holds to it without a proviso.

We have already referred to the paper of Rev. Dr. Bellows. It is written in admirable temper, spending too much time, perhaps, in intimating that orthodoxy is softening and taking on more inviting robes. He accepts Dr. Porter's ethical arguments, except that he esteems the present state to be "disciplinarian and not probabilian," but hopes, as God is love, and infinitely disposed to do everything to save His creatures, that He will, without violating personal freedom, or injuring moral law, or bringing a reproach upon divine holiness, find some process by which all souls, in all worlds, will be recovered from moral rain and wretchedness.

The accomplished and thoughtful Dr. William R. Williams, of the Baptist Church, finds his able and forcible argument to endless retribution upon God's great remedial processes to restore, enlighten and guide the conscience. Except men are converted, Christ pronounces their admission into the heavenly kingdom impossible. Our Lord, the great embodiment of the divine plan of pardon, is most unqualified and sweeping in His denunciation of eternal punishment upon the voluntarily impotent. The language of Jesus Christ in reference to future punishment is quite fully and impressively discussed.

Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Sawyer, of the Universalist Church, opens with a long review of the ancient Orthodox theology upon "the last things," severely criticizes Mr. Cook's irreversible law of the persistence of sin, and closes with the familiar assurances, that good will ultimately triumph over evil, that the seed of the woman will destroy the power of the devil, that Christ will draw all men unto Himself, and that, ultimately, sin and death being destroyed, the kingdom will be delivered up to the Father, that God may be all in all. The paper is temperate and ably written, but Dr. Porter takes the foundations out of its reasoning in his concluding summing-up. The president's special work, in this final paper, is to show that the doctrine of eternal punishment is not offensive to the moral reason, so as to require either to deny that Christ taught it, and that if He did, Christianity could not have come from God. This last paper is specially impressive. The writer shows that all that can be said of the character of God, if He permits sin to continue to exist, and to call down upon us infinite punishment, is that the seed of the woman will destroy the power of the devil, that Christ will draw all men unto Himself, and that, ultimately, sin and death being destroyed, the kingdom will be delivered up to the Father, that God may be all in all.

Opposite my window is the British Museum, which some expect to master in an hour, but which needs to be taken section by section, in order to secure anything like an acquaintance with its vast library, its antiquities, its curiosities from every land, its birds and beasts, its minerals and shells, its jewels and uncouth treasures, and requires at least a week. See this, and one is content to die, as far as detailed investigations of other museums are concerned, for most others are but imitations of this.

The South Kensington Museum, at the West End, is of a different type. It abounds in the rich collections of porcelain, gold and silver ornaments, paintings and carvings, ancient and modern, and to a large extent loaned by the wealthy. That just now the great attraction is the collection of Dr. Schleiermann, who has unearthed old Troy and brought bottles, jars, vases, gold ornaments and silver treasures to the light. How he found them, and where, what they are, and whose they were, tells with great interest in his book. Some have doubted and sneered, but the greatest of Greek scholars are satisfied that they come from a date beyond the Christian era; and though it is often said, "Troy was," we look upon these recovered treasures, and say, "A portion, at least, of her former possessions are."

Near by stands the Albert Memorial, which a grateful people have erected to the memory and lasting honor of the best of princes. He was a foreigner, whom the queen selected as her consort, but by his courtesy and wisdom, his love of art, and his genuine manhood and morality, he gained a place equal to the most renowned of England's royal group; and this most magnificent of all British monuments but speaks the estimation in which he was held. It stands just in the Park at Kensington, and in marble and gold, in sculptured emblems of art and commerce, and almost every conceivable representation of a nation's glory, it but points to Prince Albert's virtues and accomplishments.

Another famous place of exhibition is Madame Tussaud's collection of wax figures. A lady who recently arrived from America, told me that she asked an English lady on board the steamer, what were the attractive places to visit in London, and she replied that she knew of none but Madame Tussaud's. This is the estimation in which many hold this place. Imagine a building larger than Faneuil Hall, completely filled with groups of royal families, and distinguished personages of the past and present. Nearly all the crowned heads, the princes, the statesmen, and scholars of Europe, with a few men of note from America, are here produced, life-size, in wax. They are robed in court dresses of the richest style, or in such dress as is appropriate to their condition in life, and are mostly represented as if in conversation. The effect is such as to impress visitors with the idea that all is real, and at first, one hardly dares to speak lest at first, the truth be discovered.

These papers will make a strong impression, especially as coming upon the pages of this venerable secular magazine, and having the prestige of such names. We are sorry that Dr. W. F. Warren, who was invited, could not find time, in his multiplied engagements, to join this remarkable symposium. At the same time, the *New Englander* for March and April has three contributions to this discussion. Professor George P. Fisher gives a full and carefully-prepared sketch of the history of the doctrine of future punishment, avoiding, evidently with no little self-constraint, controversy, and setting clearly before the readers the best thought of Christian minds, from Christ's day down to the present, upon this serious theme. This paper is followed by one from Rev. James M. Whiton, Ph. D., of Williston Seminary, author of the well-known tract, "Is Eternal Punishment Endless?" in which the writer seeks to show that a fair interpretation of the New Testament will disclose the truths, that Christ does not teach that future punishment will end in purification and restoration, or in immediate extinction of being, nor that punishment will be endless; but, by inference, that this punishment will ultimately result in the utter destruction of the finally impotent.

Following it, is, by far, one of the best Biblical arguments, by Prof. W. S. Tyler, D. D., that we have read, showing the teaching of Christ respecting the duration of future punishment. It is remarkably frank, sincere, calm, and very conclusive. It covers the whole question as involving the general teaching of the New Testament, the interpretation of the terms used by our Lord, and the failure of the theories of annihilation and restoration to meet the full requisition of the clear revelations of God's Word.

Never was this doctrine of the extreme hour and its solemn issues set forth in such multiform aspects, in a more judicial temper, and with such clear demonstrations, from man's moral nature and God's revealed character and Word, of the substantial correctness of the prevailing belief of the Church in the future states of the penitent and impenitent, as in these two leading periodicals.

In addition to these different collections, the national gallery of paintings requires a day to give anything like proper attention to artists of the English school. The recent additions to the building give ample space for the col-

LETTER FROM LONDON.

I have several times written you from this greatest city of the world; but however often visited, it is ever wonderful. At this time it is wonderful for one of its renowned fogs, which must be seen to be understood. Like the frogs of Egypt, "it comes up into the house and into thy bed-chamber, and upon thy bed, and into the house of thy servants and upon thy people, and into thy ovens and into thy kneading-troughs." It fills thy eyes and your throat, and even in church you can scarcely distinguish your friends. Across the street you cannot tell if there are houses, or trees, or fields. The lamps look like balls of red-hot iron, and seem to give no light. Day is almost turned into night, and night is beyond description. You gasp as you swallow the moist smoke, and wonder how anybody can live here; and yet London is one of the healthiest cities in the world. It is well-drained, well-watered and well-governed. It is a puzzle how these three or four millions of people can live, obtain food and comforts, and escape sweeping pestilences. Its extent is enormous; its streets and buildings range from magnificence to squalor; its cab and omnibus and underground railroad make distances easy to master; and, take it all in all, it is the city of cities. In wealth, science, charities, and perhaps in poverty, ignorance and crime, it is the centre of the world. All extremes meet here, as they must in any great city this side the New Jerusalem. In that city, but in no other, is everything bright and fair.

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doctrines of evangelical Christ, the Atonement, punishment of the guilty and students of the Boston University, were delivered, passed and requested their former say: "For the show by him, as well as of the three cardinal truths of all commandment, these should be repeated of theology, and better large public, by an im-

col. D. D. of the New Seminary, who has the work says: "The course is a happy one; the analysis comprehensive and clear; fluent and noteworthy; in the range of authors of great cogency. I think alike admirable, and will be a valuable help to a religious at the right to command a good

a valuable repository of to assist in the discussion doctrines treated; but of endless publishing so much attention, issued in two or three

former, of the Prov- and for seventeen years the Herald, writes to us concerning Bishop Ha-

mp was lounging in the Louisville Standard, he hearty laugh and read the news of his return from trip. "I said he is in his African malaria, like it!" Said the Bishop, who had been to see the schools, to Athens looking after school there, but was received here on Sunday, the 11th, and the fatigue of the moon for him, and he was; but faithful attend- richly bestowed upon them that are now bereaved. May this be richly bestowed upon them!

The General Theological Library, 12 West Street, Boston, by a new rule, opens all its privileges at its Hall, to clergymen, theological students, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers for \$1 per year, and to all others for \$2 a year. If books are taken out, \$3 to the former, \$5 to others. There are 11,000 volumes in the library, and 75 periodicals in the reading-room. Books can be taken to any distance. Open nine hours daily.

He visited the colored of a good building, and a school, the and a scholar. The sermon was a good sermon of great prosperity. The had times and the large number of members, but the were in heavy debt a burden, but the finances are in good condition, as it is commencement, and a large sum has been paid on the floating debt. Up to March 4th, pastor, Rev. L. B. Bates, has baptized 155, not including baptisms out of town; received 320 on probation, and 245 into full membership. Dr. L. D. Packard, chairman of the board of trustees, writes: "Never was a pastor more loved by his people or respected by a community, and 'Brother Bates' is a household word on every hand, and in families of all denominations."

The pastor of the M. E. Church at Winstrop (Rev. J. D. Poxler) and wife were visited by their parishioners and friends the evening of Feb. 18, and presented, through Dr. S. Ingalls, with a large and elegant copy of the Holy Scriptures (Richardson's edition) with rich and numerous plates, illuminated texts, and a valuable appendix, with dictionary, etc. Mr. Poxler replied very suitably. Short addresses, music, etc., followed, and the evening passed delightfully.

A correspondent from Troy, N. Y., writes: "Rev. G. S. Galt, of the Troy Conference, dropped dead Feb. 21. He joined Conference in 1841. He came from the State, possessed many slaves, but manumitted them when it was popular to hold them. He was a man of great modesty, but a good preacher, having a most thoroughly cultured and well-schooled with varied science and literature. His Presiding Elder was to attend the last meeting, but passed away in his seat."

The essay of Mr. R. J. Wright, read before the Philadelphia Social Science Association at their late meeting in Jan., upon the "Cause and Cure of Hard Times," has been issued in pamphlet form. The causes are, inflation and fluctuation of prices, inadequate bases of currency, general financial recklessness, not excessive but misdirected production, and bad national policy with regard to its land. The cure is proposed, as he passes over the various causes. The essay is thoughtful and very suggestive.

The Independent says: "A very hand- somethings has Dr. Tyne's congregation, the Church of the Holy Trinity, this city, done in providing for the enormous debt of \$200,000. The rector was able to announce last Sunday that the last dollar had been pledged. The work of raising this large amount was begun last December, by Mr. Kimball. At the first two meetings \$150,000 was secured, and last Sunday the task was completed. Dr. Tyne hopes to raise the remaining \$50,000 on his Tabernacle by Easter."

Rev. G. S. Watson, of the Geesee Conference, writes: "I would like to call attention through ZION'S HERALD to a sermon on the 'Recognition of Friends in Heaven,' lately preached by Bishop Foster, and published by Rev. M. T. H. Smith, of Boston. The sermon is excellent, it has greatly strengthened my faith, and I believe, will be equally profitable to others in affliction. The most eloquent and forcible sermon I have ever heard."

Speaking of the late disorders at Princeton and in Columbia College the Northern Christian Advocate of last week pertinently adds: "It is noticeable that the worst instances of insubordination occur in those colleges which most inculcate to the new whole-some and rational policy of making the colleges free for the admission of women students. By and by this significant fact will be observed by those who now shut their eyes against it."

The proceedings of the Y. M. C. Association of New Hampshire, at their tenth annual convention, held in Concord, the 21st to the 23d of September last, with the report of the State executive committee, has been issued, and makes a very interesting and instructive document.

We learn, just as we go to press, of the very sudden death of Rev. Charles B. Sing, of the New York East Conference. We have known and greatly respected him for years. He was a graduate of West Point military school, a man of fine culture, an able preacher, and a devout Christian. He has filled many conspicuous pulpits in his Conferences, and his death will be lamented. He has not taken an appointment for a year or two past, but was connected with the Summerfield Quarterly Conference, Brooklyn.

The Catholic Review for March 2, sends out, as a supplement, a very fine lithograph of Pope Leo XIII. If the portraits are correct, the new Catholic chief is a man of commanding presence, with a pleasant smile, a high forehead, and with manifold marks of strength and decision of character. The Review picture is entitled, "Our Most Holy Lord!" What more reverent term could be used if addressed to the divine Master himself? An angel would not receive adoration from a mortal, but this week, singing man has no hesitation to accept divine worship from the hands of his fellow sinners.

From the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay Street, New York, we have the January number (American edition) of the Edinburgh Review. Its papers, which are very substantial, and upon the most important themes of the day, are The Cromatic Papers, Harvey and Cassipino, the French in Indo-China, Correspondence of Charles Sumner, Tilton, third volume of the Life of the Prince Consort, Stanley's Discoveries and the Future of Africa, the Military Power of Russia, Dr. Schleimann's Explorations, the Coming (Past) Conclave, and Principles and Prospects of the Liberal Party. We shall allude, editorially, to some of these papers.

We heard, with sincere sympathy, of the death of Mrs. Ellen Hubbard Frost, wife of Hon. Rufus S. Frost, of Chelsea. Mrs. Frost was a lady of great strength and beauty of character; interested in all the great Christian agencies for the benefit of the poor, the perished, and the neglected; the centre of a remarkably intelligent and affectionate circle of children, who have already reached maturity and are exhibiting the marks of their excellent culture at home. Her loss will be a grievous one; only the grace that beautified and sustained her life can console those that are now bereaved. May this be richly bestowed upon them!

The General Theological Library, 12 West Street, Boston, by a new rule, opens all its privileges at its Hall, to clergymen, theological students, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers for \$1 per year, and to all others for \$2 a year. If books are taken out, \$3 to the former, \$5 to others. There are 11,000 volumes in the library, and 75 periodicals in the reading-room. Books can be taken to any distance. Open nine hours daily.

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NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

The Directors of the Industrial School of the city of Lawrence, among whom is Major H. G. Herrick, who is really the father of this truly Christian enterprise, make, in print, their fourth annual report. This year, for the sum of \$1,000, a sum of \$1,000, was given to the Sunday-school, which equates for a number of other expenses, and the sum of another thousand dollars was given to the school over three hundred, not bad, but unusual for this school, complimented the work done by the school, and the sum of \$1,000, which the school had, but hoped they were all given.

The pastor of the M. E. Church at Winstrop (Rev. J. D. Poxler) and wife were visited by their parishioners and friends the evening of Feb. 18, and presented, through Dr. S. Ingalls, with a large and elegant copy of the Holy Scriptures (Richardson's edition) with rich and numerous plates, illuminated texts, and a valuable appendix, with dictionary, etc. Mr. Poxler replied very suitably. Short addresses, music, etc., followed, and the evening passed delightfully.

Sunday, Feb. 24, Rev. B. J. Johnston, Celerate, baptized two persons and received three on probation. Several others, recently converted, will soon follow.

The Conference at Weston, one of the oldest in the Conference (organized about 1794), has lately been greatly revived. Many back-liders have been reclaimed, and a goodly number of the unsaved have been brought into the fold. Four laymen have aided in the meetings, and their labors have been blessed of God.

Mr. E. Chapman, of Pelham, has been greatly blessed this winter. A good work has been in progress at Central and Grace Churches, and a still more extensive revival of lectures and concerts, under the auspices of the ladies of the society. The occasion is of great interest.

The Churches at Tauton have been greatly blessed this winter. A good work has been in progress at Central and Grace Churches, and a still more extensive revival of lectures and concerts, under the auspices of the ladies of the society. The occasion is of great interest.

The Directors of the Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting Association, by a vote passed Feb. 21, instructed me to enter their vigorous and unanimous protestation against a portion of an article published in the HERALD of Feb. 14, over the signature, "S." They consider the picture terribly overdrawn, and utterly uncalled for. They feel that it is a public libel on the corporation which they represent; the more so, as this portion of the article has been copied into at least one secular paper, and sent broadcast through southeastern Massachusetts. They also feel that such a repulsive portrait of the Vineyard camp-ground will do great harm to the cause among the readers of the HERALD in all parts of the land, giving them to understand, in fact, that at our meeting "good men quiet their consciences" concerning the stir around them, by saying that its gains are profitable. If the writer had been a director, he would have known the earnest efforts which have been made to correct all the abuses referred to, as far as we have had jurisdiction; and if he had referred to think, he would never have written such a communication to the HERALD. A wholesale answer to this general charge, is found in the fact that not a single arrest was made on the grounds of either corporation or camp-meeting Sabbath, though a strong force of police was on duty all day.

The Directors easily allow that liquor is sold and used in that part of the town of Elizabethtown; but at two or three sessions, which a small committee of our board held last fall to investigate certain charges, no evidence was adduced which proved the sale of liquor as a beverage, on our grounds. The closing sentence of the paragraph shows that the camp-ground is largely aimed at: "Ob! what a fall what a fearful change in less than a quarter of a century!" and we all know that twenty-five years ago, the camp-meeting was all the reason for visiting this part of the island. But your correspondent should remember that, originally, we had a more reverent attitude towards the Sabbath, than to which he should present the tails lying all around us, that he has over the sale of houses lots on either side of his own. If it were true that "while a devout Bishop was holding the hand of all bound by heavenly inspiration, thousands more, but a few miles away, were gazing liquid fire," there would be more need for the sermon.

On a recent evening, the members of the Congregational society of Bowdoin, to the number of over a hundred, made a visit to Rev. A. C. Hardy, at Fisheerville, who is now acting pastor of the Church. There was a bountiful supper, and one of the most pleasant of social times. The occasion indicated the high regard in which Mr. Hardy is held by the congregation to which he is ministering.

Rev. William Morse, formerly a well-known Unitarian minister, died at Franklin, Feb. 20, aged 84 years.

The First Baptist Church of Franklin has been presented with a bell weighing 1,514 pounds, by George E. Bush.

Rev. H. H. Hamilton, of Derry, (Con-

gregational) has received a call to Hinsdale, Ill., to be a part of the new Congregational Conference, and better large public, by an im-

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The family.

BE SLOW TO SPEAK.

BY SARA KEEABLES HUNT.

O speech, thou art a wondrous prize! How dark would be our sad pathway, If we must walk with wishful eyes, Our longings lips made dumb for aye!

Then let us all, this gift possessing, Make every word a pearl of blessing.

Be slow to speak! Of what shall we

Thus guard our lips and check the thought, Friends, of others' faults; when these we

see,

Let charity be close enwrought;

And each sweet sympathy o'erflowing,

Leave them to Him who is all-knowing.

Ab, when shall we be slow to speak?

When anger kindles in our heart,

And burns in crimson on our cheek,

Oh, bid the fierce, wild words depart,

Let us regret, our life all through,

Something we never can undo.

O lips so frail, so very weak,

O words that fall like gilding sand,

May Jesus teach thee when to speak;

And touch thee with His loving hand!

Then, when death hushes speech and song,

No voice can say, "They did me wrong!"

HOME PROTECTION.

BY MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

The following is a portion of an address made by Miss Willard, of Chicago, before the house of judiciary committee at Washington, in favor of giving women the right of suffrage in order to regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors. It was accompanied by a petition to Congress asking that right—a petition containing the signatures of 30,000 men and women.—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee on the Judiciary:—To you it is a little thing that we are here to speak for home protection, but to us this is an hour fraught with pathos and with hope. The walls of this august Capitol recede from sight, and rank on rank around me, as I stand here, rise the dear gentlewomen, who, four years ago, were crusading in the West. O you, who as pioneers in the women's temperance movement, have borne and labored and had patience; you who in those strange and sacred days read the Bible in ten thousand haunts of sin; you who have prayed on rum-shop floors, and reached out hands of tender sympathy to the tempted and fallen; you who behind prison bars sang "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and pointed the sinful and despairing to Him who came to save the lost, what a constituency we have today in you! God help me, as I try to speak, that by no word I do injustice to your cherished hopes and bravely avowed purposes. Why do we seek protection for our homes by an appeal to law, and on what principles do we ask that women may have a voice in determining the legal status of the saloon?

First—All pure and Christian sentiment concerning any course of conduct that vitally affects humanity must, sooner or later, crystallize into law. But the keystone of law can only be held firm by the arch of that keystone, which is public sentiment.

Second As Frederick Douglass, the gifted marshal of this District of Columbia, says: "You can in the long run trust all the knowledge in the community to take care of in vice." But if its vice can bring to bear its full force at that vital point where, by the correlative of spiritual forces, opinion passes into law, and if its virtue cannot, will you ever get vice taken care of? We are now, gentlemen, to ask that you shall swing to the level of practical use on the pivot of law the great guns of influence now pointing into vacancy, and direct their full charge at short range on our nubile, yet vigilant foe.

Third—The more you can enlist in favor of law, the deepest instincts and the dearest interests of those who helped to make it, the more inviolate it stands. For instance, the civil rights bill of Charles Sumner will be availingly protected by the votes of colored men who once were slaves, just so long as those men retain their reason and their color.

Fourth—First among the powerful and controlling instincts of our nature stands that of self-preservation, and next to that, if, indeed, it should not take superior rank, comes that of a mother's love. For just so long as the eye involuntarily closes when a doubled-up fist approaches it, so long you can count upon the instinct of self-preservation; and just so long as baby fingers clasp her own and innocent young eyes smile heaven's smile into her face, so long you can count upon a mother's love. It is deep and resistless as the tides of the sea because it is a part of the changeless nature given to her from God, and given, as I believe, for purposes of wider blessing to poor humanity than some of us have dreamed.

Fifth—for there is a class in every one of our communities which has not, in all the ages of wine, beer and brandy drinking, developed as class an appetite, or formed a habit, for the use of intoxicating drinks. There is a class whose instincts of self-preservation must forever be opposed to a stimulant which nerves with dangerous strength arms already so much stronger than their own, and which so maddens the brain God means should guide those arms, that they strike down the wives men love, and the little children for whom, when sober, they would die.

But, aside from the primal instinct of self-preservation in the class of which I speak, there is the other far higher and more sacred—I mean the instinct of a mother's love, a wife's devotion, a sister's faithfulness, a daughter's loyalty.

Sixth—I ask you, as friends of good government and the safety of home, to remember that none of the rays of light

and love from woman's heart have as yet been brought to bear upon the rum-shop at the focus of power. They are, I know, the sweet and pleasant sunshine of your homes; they light the larger home of social life, and send their gentle radiance out into the great and busy world. But I know, too, that in a republic they can, by means of that magic lens, that powerful sun-glass which we name the law, be brought to bear upon the rum-shop in a blaze of light that shall reveal its full abominations, and a white heat that shall burn this cancerous excrecence from America's fair form. For there is nothing in the universe so sure, so strong, as love, and it shall do all this—the love of maid for sweetheart, wife for husband, of a sister for her brother, of a mother for her son. And I call upon you, gentlemen, law-makers, thus to match force with force, to set over against the dealer's avarice our timid instinct of self-preservation, and to match the drinker's love of liquor by our love of him. Who would most deprecate such a recommendation on your part; who but the men sitting around their foamy cups this very hour, in the two hundred thousand saloons which disgrace America, or the five hundred thousand whose united, many energies were employed in making or in dealing out the beverage of destruction? This fact is in itself conclusive as to the correctness of the position we have taken, and authenticates the prophecy that when you give to woman a voice in the decision by which the saloon-door is opened, or is shut, beside her home, the rum power in America will be surely doomed, as was slave power when you gave the ballot to the slaves. . . . Brothers, there is not one of you to whom some woman's life is not a dear and sacred thing. I know you will admit that it is women, after all, who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best-beloved, with fearful odds against them, with snare that men have legalized set for them on every hand. Beyond the arms that held them long, their boys have gone forever. Oh, by the pain and danger they have dared, by hours of patient watching over beds wherein little children lay, I charge you give them power to protect, along life's treacherous highway, those whom they have so loved! Let them sit no longer helpless among the shadows, moaning over their strong still broken, and their beautiful rod; but when the sons they love shall go forth to life's battle, still let their mothers walk beside them, sweet and serious, and clad in the garments of power!

PENDER SATTERWHITE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. ELLEN T. H. HARVEY.

[Concluded.]

"Pooty soon after that, all my children was afflicted, and two died. The Lord took away the one nearest me! She was a mighty likely chile, an' so smart an' lovin'!" Pender's voice grew softer now, and she wiped her eyes with a corner of her apron.

"Then I began to pray, an' I made a cov'nant—just as solemn a cov'nant as I could make—that I'd go back to God. I prayed a solid week, but I got no help. Thar fell on me a mighty weight; seemed to me I couldn't turn my head widout turnin' my whole body! I was bowed down like a bulrush. I cried and I begged the Lord, and I said to Him, 'I'm pressed hard, and I want for me, Lord! If I can't git any better, don't let me git any worse!' I couldn't see nothin' but death behind and destruction before. But through grief and great distress my Saviour led me on, and showed to me His kindness, when all my hopes was gone."

The dear soul fell into verse apparently without the least effort.

"I can't tell you 'all' bout I felt, for He'll help me tell it when I git up to bright glory. One mornin', about break of day, Jesus revealed

Hisself to me, and 'peared like He said,

"Jesus my all to heben is gone, He who I fixed my hopes on;" and it sounded as if a voice spoke and said,

"His track I'll see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, till Him I view."

Chare as de light I seen my Jesus take His foot out of the track. And I tried to put my foot in de same track, but I couldn't do it. My foot wouldn't fit. Next mornin' jest 'bout the same time, it seemed to be said to me, 'None but Jesus can do the helpless sinner good.' I know'd that was so. Nobody round helped me one bit. I was mighty nigh to crazy.

"Twar Thursday, the seventeenth of Scenter, I went round all day a-lookin' for Jesus, jest as I should for a mother's love. For just so long as the eye involuntarily closes when a doubled-up fist approaches it, so long you can count upon the instinct of self-preservation; and just so long as baby fingers clasp her own and innocent young eyes smile heaven's smile into her face, so long you can count upon a mother's love. It is deep and resistless as the tides of the sea because it is a part of the changeless nature given to her from God, and given, as I believe, for purposes of wider blessing to poor humanity than some of us have dreamed.

Fifth—for there is a class in every one of our communities which has not, in all the ages of wine, beer and brandy drinking, developed as class an appetite, or formed a habit, for the use of intoxicating drinks. There is a class whose instincts of self-preservation must forever be opposed to a stimulant which nerves with dangerous strength arms already so much stronger than their own, and which so maddens the brain God means should guide those arms, that they strike down the wives men love, and the little children for whom, when sober, they would die.

But, aside from the primal instinct of

self-preservation in the class of which I speak, there is the other far higher and more sacred—I mean the instinct of a mother's love, a wife's devotion, a sister's faithfulness, a daughter's loyalty.

Sixth—I ask you, as friends of good

government and the safety of home, to

remember that none of the rays of light

pany for me at all.' I said I war no company for anybody.

"Yes, my husband was a good man, He was a Baptist preacher.

"Somethin' said, 'Go out and try again.' I went down the hill, and just knowed, I was singin', 'Come soul, and meditate the day.' You 'member that verse of the old hymn?" And now the sweet saint, at our united quest, broke forth into singing in a low and tender voice, —

"Come, soul, and meditate the day, And think how near it stands, When you must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands.

The gloomy prison waits for you, Wherein the summons comes, —

"You see," she said, breaking off suddenly, while her long, thin hand, which had been listed in corresponding union, remained suspended as by the lodestone of her fervid spirit. "That blessed old tune went right through my dry bones! That night, 'twixt ten and 'leven, I was willin' to go anywhere, or do anythin.' I hadn't been in my bed for three weeks, but I jest laid down myself anywhere. Now, I'd throw myself on the foot of the bed what my child an' my husband war sleepin', and 'twarn then the blessed Jesus revealed Hisself to me as He never did afore. I can't never tell anythin' how I felt then. I went out to the woods, but I couldn't pray any mo'. I just wanted to hug them trees. I throw'd my arms right round 'em and praised de Lord. Them ole trees and de stream a-runnin' by de willow-tree, war all a prasin' too! 'Pearred like, I'd been all tied up in a hamper, and somebody had taken a knife and ripped it open and let me out. My burden tell off and seemed as though it rolled down both sides of me.

"Then I looked away to the east, and I seed three streaks of light a-comin' to me! I said 'I'll pray to you all!'

"I went into my house, an' now it all peared so diff'rent. 'Fore that, my heart had made it look dark and dism'bled. You know how things look when we don't feel right. But now, it was bright with a beautiful white light, and everythin' shone right into my heart. And that, right in the middle of my room, I seed—now you're strangers to me, and you mightn't feel sure of this as I say it—but 'twas God in beben, and as certain as a promise to me! I said 'I'll pray to you all to follow in thy light' The fated leaves that on thy bosom drift! O God, I'll let you have my heart, and then I'll let you have my soul, and then I'll let you have my eyes, and then I'll let you have my hands, and then I'll let you have my feet, and then I'll let you have my life, and then I'll let you have my death, and then I'll let you have my soul, and then I'll let you have my heart, and then I'll let you have my eyes, and then I'll let you have my hands, and then I'll let you have my feet, and then I'll let you have my life, and then I'll let you have my death, and then I'll let you have my soul, and then I'll let you have my heart, and then I'll let you have my eyes, and then I'll let you have my hands, and then I'll let you have my feet, and then I'll let you have my life, and then I'll let you have my death, and then I'll let you have my soul, and then I'll let you have my heart, and then I'll let you have my eyes, and then I'll let you have my hands, and then I'll let you have my feet, and then I'll let you have my life, and then I'll let 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Obituaries.

SARAH HOWARD, wife of Rev. A. L. Dearing, of the Providence Conference, died in Vineyard Haven, very suddenly, Feb. 22.

Nothing could be more unexpected than this severe affliction. No farewell word could be spoken, no expressions of tender solicitude for dear ones to be left behind; but her life's record is enough. She was a good woman, a devoted wife, a patient, loving mother, and an earnest, consistent, attractive Christian. We can hardly express the richness and value of the life so suddenly passed. After fifteen years of itinerant toil, in the 36th year of her age, she rests from her labors, in the presence of Jesus.

W. H. STETSON.

EPHRAIM W. WHITING was born in Abington, Mass., March 6, 1811, and died in Boston, Dec. 25, 1877.

Brother W. was converted at the age of sixteen years, and connecting himself with the M. E. Church, remained a member until the time of his decease.

He was a man of good natural ability,

great kindness of heart, and sincere love for the cause of Christ and the Church of his choice, and possessed many unfeigned elements of usefulness and worthiness.

He was a man of many a licensed exhorter and class-leader in the Church. His life was one of continual conflict, whose reality and intensity were indicated not only by occasional defeat, but also by many a glorious victory. His death was preceded by nearly a year of disease, in which his body slowly wasted away, while his mental faculties retained all their power.

During this time he was ceaselessly and tenderly ministered to by the devoted wife, who has been his faithful and loving helpmeet for more than forty years, and who now mourns his loss. In these last months the noise of the battle died away, the smoke of the conflict lifted, and his weary soul resting on the Lord Jesus Christ, he calmly waited for the end, with a good hope, through grace, of everlasting life.

W. H. STETSON.

OUR DEAR departed brother, David Taber, is very highly spoken of by all the people in this place, even by unbelievers. He was a decided Christian, fearless and bold in defending the cause of Christ, and every man in the community testifying for the truth of his last days his faith was that of full assurance.

When near his end, his broken, faltering voice was heard in prayers for Zion.

Two days before his death, when I called as usual, fat gone and apparently insensible, I whispered to him, and he gave signs of recognition.

I asked if I should pray with him. He nodded assent; and as I uttered a short petition, he tried to respond several times, and at the close, with great effort, gave a firm and hearty amen.

I left him feeling that he was near the celestial world, and his redeemed spirit would soon pass through the golden gates into the home of the blest.

Pray for me in the sight of the Lord at the death of His saints."

MARY A. GILLETT was born in Ira, N. Y., in July, 1820, and died in South Boston, Dec. 16, 1877.

Sister G. was the child of parents whose Christian example and fidelity led her, at the age of fourteen, to embrace Christ as her personal Savior.

In the very commencement of her new life she accepted the Word of the Lord as the rule of faith and life, loving its precepts, accepting its promises, and treasuring in mind and heart its teachings.

She was ardently attached to the Church of her choice, mainly believing its mission to be the spreading of Scriptural holiness over the world.

For many years poor health limited her usefulness as a worker, and her ready hands and sympathizing heart made her a "helper" indeed in the promotion of the highest interests of the Church. Her last illness was brief, but calmly she listened to the rustling wings of the death-angel, and sweetly trusting in Jesus, she went up to the possession of the promised inheritance.

L. A. A.

JOSEPH RAND was born in Chester, N. H., in August, 1820, and died in Canals, June 7, 1877, of cancer, which caused him great suffering for many months.

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I. A. D.

ZEKIEL P. BROWN died in Mendon, Feb. 10, 1878, aged 59 years and 8 months.

Brother B. was born in Wallace, Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia, in June, 1818. At the age of nineteen he became a Christian, and united with the M. E. Church. He came to the States a number of years ago, first settling in Watertown, thence in Holliston, afterwards in Hopkinton, where for several years he held an official position in the Church. Something less than a year since he moved to Mendon, and now resides with the M. E. Church in Milford.

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